

To with him wrastle with affection,  
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

*Vrsula*. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman  
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,  
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

*Hero*. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,  
As much as may be yeelded to a man:  
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
Of powder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:  
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
Values it selfe so highly, that to her  
All matter else seemes weak: she cannot loue,  
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
Shée is so selfe in deared.

*Vrsula*. Sure I thinke so,  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero*. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely teatur'd.  
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:  
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:  
If low, an agot very vildie cut:  
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

*Vrsula*. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero*. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,  
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,  
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,  
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me  
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,  
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,  
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death, to die with mockes,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Vrsula*. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

*Hero*. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,  
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,  
And truly he deuise some honest slanders,  
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,  
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

*Vrsula*. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,  
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,  
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit  
As she is priske to haue, as to refuse  
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

*Hero*. He is the onely man of Italy,  
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

*Vrsula*. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,  
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,  
Goes formost in report through Italy.

*Hero*. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

*Vrsula*. His excellence did earme it ere he had it:  
When are you married Madame?

*Hero*. Why euery day to morrow, come goe in,  
He shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,  
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

*Vrsula*. Shée's tane I warrant you,  
We haue caught her Madame?

*Hero*. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*

*Beat*. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?  
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,  
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.  
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,  
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:  
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee  
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.  
For others say thou dost deserue, and I  
Beleeue it better then reportingly.

*Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.*

*Prince*. I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-  
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claudio*. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you vouch-  
safe me.

*Prince*. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new  
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat  
and forbid him to weare it. I will onely bee bold with  
*Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his  
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice  
or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man  
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,  
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,  
his tongue speakes.

*Benedicke*. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

*Leo*. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

*Claudio*. I hope he be in loue.

*Prince*. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud  
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants  
money.

*Benedicke*. I haue the tooth-ach.

*Prince*. Draw it.

*Benedicke*. Hang it.

*Claudio*. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*Prince*. What? figh for the tooth-ach.

*Leo*. Where is but a humour or a worme.

*Benedicke*. Well, euery one cannot master a grieve, but hee  
that has it.

*Claudio*. Yet say I, he is in loue.

*Prince*. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse  
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a  
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee  
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appears hee hath, hee  
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare  
he is.

*Claudio*. If he be not in loue with some vvoman, there  
is no beleueing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,  
What should that bode?

*Prince*. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

*Claudio*. No, but the Barbers man hath bene seen with  
him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie  
stufte tennis balls.

*Leo*. Indeed hee lookes yonger than hee did, by the  
losse of a beard.

*Prince*. Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell  
him out by that?

*Claudio*. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in  
loue.

*Prince*. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claudio*. And vvhen vv as he vvont to vvash his face?

*Prince*. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare  
what they say of him.

*Claudio*. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vv which is now crept  
into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops.

*Prince.*

*Prince*. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude,  
he is in loue.

*Claudio*. Nay, but I know who loues him.

*Prince*. That would I know too, I warrant one that  
knowes him not.

*Claudio*. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all,  
dies for him.

*Prince*. Shée shall be buried with her face vpwards.

*Benedicke*. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ache, old sig-  
nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine  
wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses  
must not heare.

*Prince*. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

*Claudio*. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this  
played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares  
will not bite one another when they meete.

*Enter Iohn the Bastard.*

*Bast*. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

*Prince*. Good den brother.

*Bast*. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

*Prince*. In priuate?

*Bast*. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare,  
for what I would speake of, concerns him.

*Prince*. What's the matter?

*Bast*. Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor-  
row?

*Prince*. You know he does.

*Bast*. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

*Claudio*. If there be any impediment, I pray you disco-  
uer it.

*Bast*. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare  
hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will ma-  
nifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in  
dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing  
marriage: surely sure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

*Prince*. Why, what's the matter?

*Bastard*. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances  
shortned, (for she hath bene too long a talking of) the  
Lady is disloyall.

*Claudio*. Who *Hero*?

*Bast*. Euen shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery  
mans *Hero*.

*Claudio*. Disloyall?

*Bast*. The word is too good to paint out her wicked-  
nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse  
title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-  
rant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her cham-  
ber window entred, euen the night before her wedding  
day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it  
would better fit your honour to change your minde.

*Claudio*. May this be so?

*Prince*. I will not thinke it.

*Bast*. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not  
that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you  
enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,  
proceed accordingly.

*Claudio*. If I see any thing to night, why I should not  
marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold  
wedde, there will I shame her.

*Prince*. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will  
ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

*Bast*. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my  
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue  
shew it selfe.

*Prince*. O day vntowardly turned!

*Claudio*. O mischief strange! thwarting!

*Bastard*. O plague right well preuented! so will you  
say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit.*

*Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.*

*Dog*. Are you good men and true?

*Verges*. Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer  
saluation body and soule.

*Dog*. Nay, that were a punishment too good for  
them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being  
chosen for the Princes watch.

*Verges*. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour  
*Dogbery*.

*Dog*. First, who thinke you the most defatlesse man  
to be Constable?

*Watch 1*. *Hugh Ore-coake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for  
they can write and reade.

*Dog*. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath  
blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man,  
is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by  
Nature.

*Watch 2*. Both which Master Constable

*Dog*. You haue: I knew it would be your answer:  
well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, & make  
no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that  
appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are  
thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the  
Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lan-  
thorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all  
vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prin-  
ces name.

*Watch 2*. How if a will not stand?

*Dog*. Why then take no note of him, but let him go,  
and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and  
thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

*Verges*. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is  
none of the Princes subiects.

*Dog*. True, and they are to meddle with none but  
the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the  
streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most  
tollerable, and not to be indured.

*Watch*. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know  
what belongs to a Watch.

*Dog*. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet  
watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:  
only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you  
are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are  
drunke get them to bed.

*Watch*. How if they will not?

*Dog*. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if  
they make you not then the better answer, you may say,  
they are not the men you tooke them for.

*Watch*. Well sir.

*Dog*. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by  
vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such  
kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them,  
why the more is for your honesty.

*Watch*. If wee know him to be a theiefe, shall wee not  
lay hands on him?

*Dog*. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they  
that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way  
for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew him-  
selfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

*Verges*. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful mā partner.

*Dog*. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much  
more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

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*Verges.*